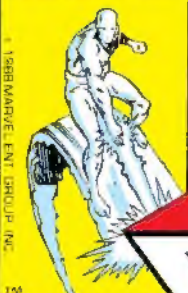


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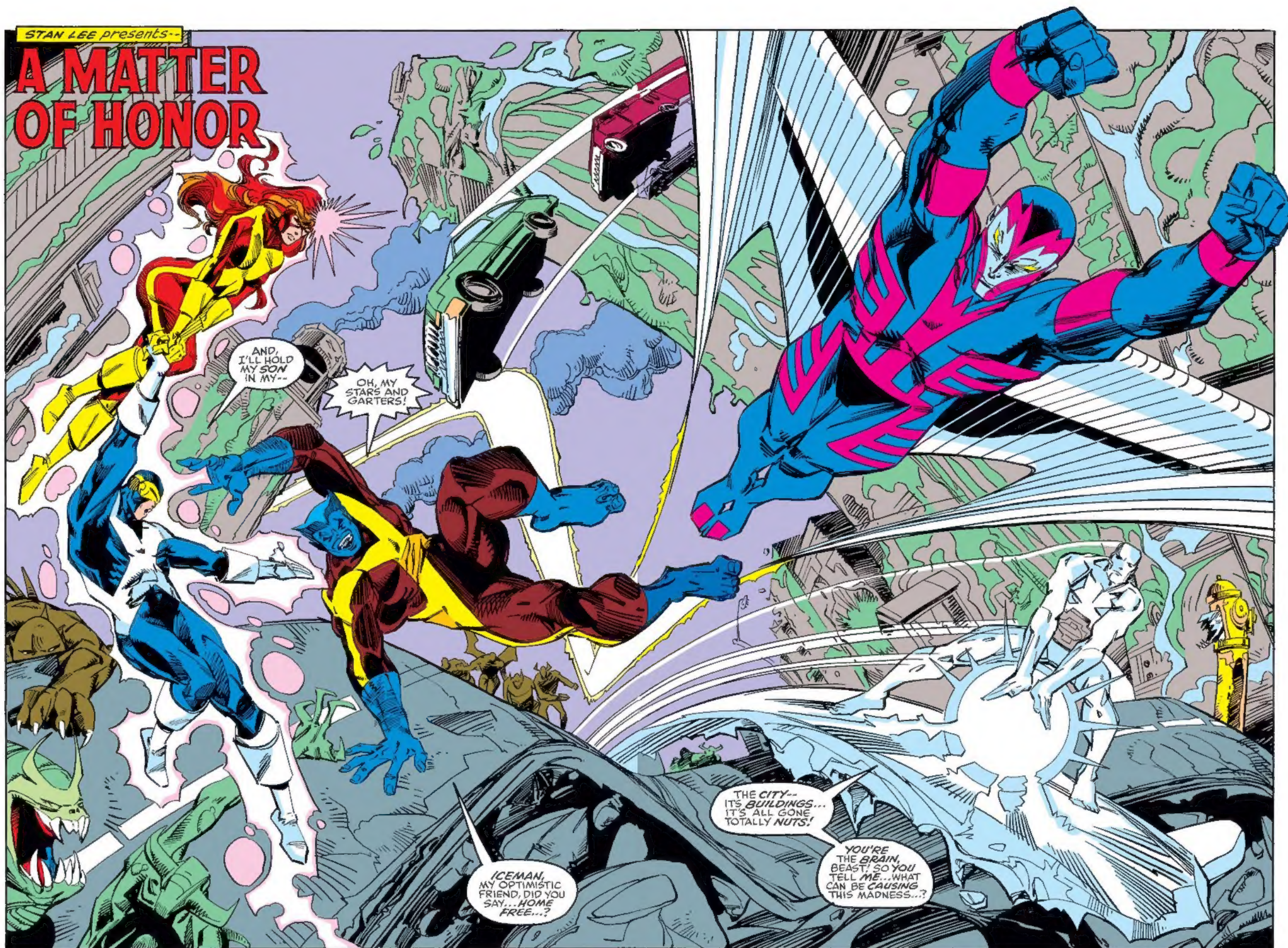
FOR OVER A CENTURY, MANHATTAN HAS FLASHED MAN'S DEFIANT CHALLENGE TO AN UNCARING COSMOS: "KNOW US BY OUR LIGHTS. WE ARE LORDS OF THIS WORLD. AND WE SHINE AS BRIGHTLY AS YOUR STARS."



LOUISE SIMONSON WRITER WALTER SIMONSON PENCILER BOB WIACEK INKER JOE ROSEN LETTERER PETRA SCOTSESE COLORIST BOB HARRAS EDITOR TOM DEFALCO EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

STAN LEE presents--

A MATTER OF HONOR



AND, I'LL HOLD MY SON IN MY--

OH, MY STARS AND GARTERS!

ICEMAN, MY OPTIMISTIC FRIEND, DID YOU SAY...HOME FREE...?

THE CITY-- ITS BUILDINGS... IT'S ALL GONE TOTALLY NUTS!

YOU'RE THE BRAIN, BEAST! SO YOU TELL ME...WHAT CAN BE CAUSING THIS MADNESS...?

HE WAS DESTROYED. HIS MOLECULES DISPERSED IN A MASSIVE EXPLOSION OF TECHNOLOGY AND MAGIC.

NOW HE IS BACK.

NEW.

IMPROVED.

HIS PURPOSE ON EARTH RE-AFFIRMED THROUGH HIS TRIAL BY FIRE.

COME TO ME, MY DEMON SERVANTS!

BRING ME THE GOBLIN QUEEN'S CHILD.



MASTER... WE COME!

WHAT HAPPEN?

YOU... CHANGED.

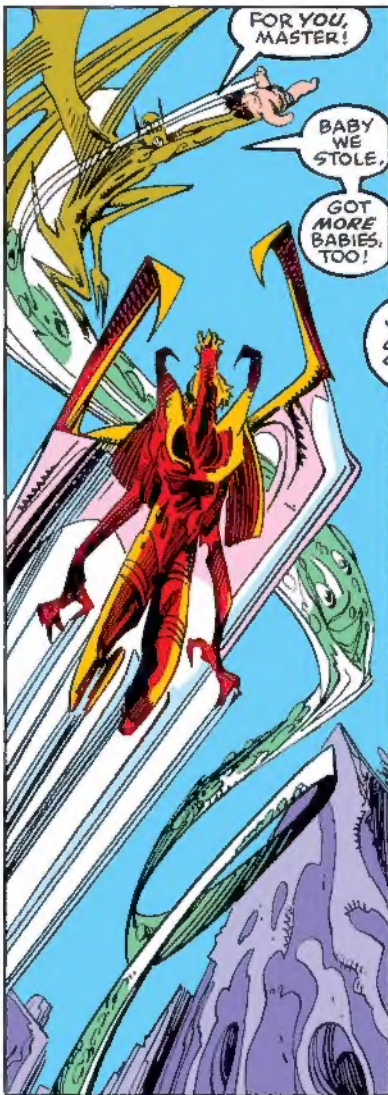


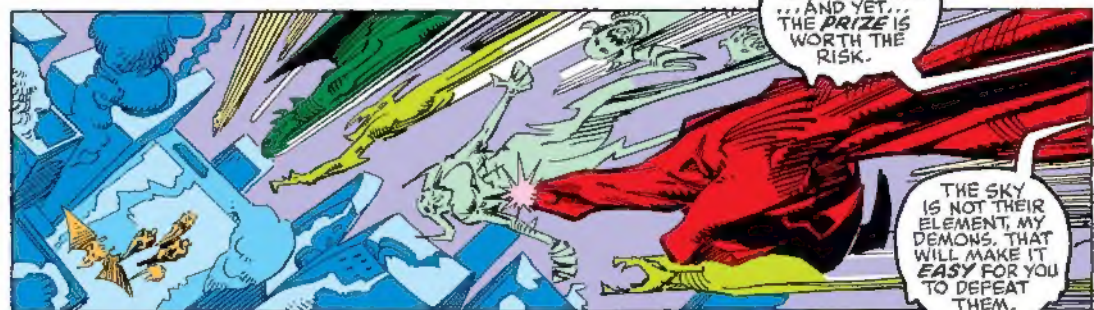
OF COURSE, FOOLS, I HAVE CHANGED. I HAVE... ACQUIRED THE TRANSMODE VIRUS.



AND THROUGH ITS POWER I HAVE ABSORBED A LIVING COMPUTER'S ABILITY TO PROCESS MAGIC INSTANTLY.

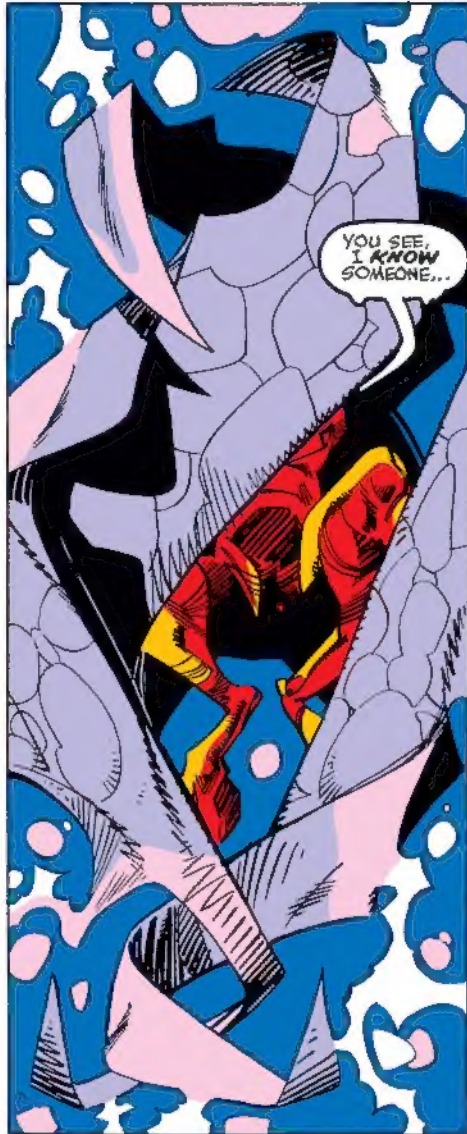
TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES... I NOW AM MAGICK.







MY SERVANTS
WILL **BURY**
YOU, AS I HAVE
COMMANDED.



YOU SEE,
I KNOW
SOMEONE...



...WHO
WANTS THIS
CHILD AS
MUCH AS
YOU!

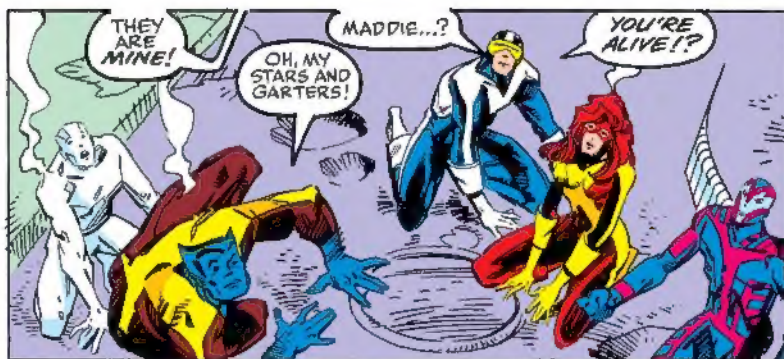


NO!





AWAY FROM THEM, CREATURES!



THEY ARE MINE!

MADDIE...?

OH, MY STARS AND GARTERS!

YOU'RE ALIVE!?



DON'T CALL ME THAT!

WHAT...WHAT SHOULD WE CALL YOU?

YOU MAY CALL ME YOUR GOBLIN MAJESTY.



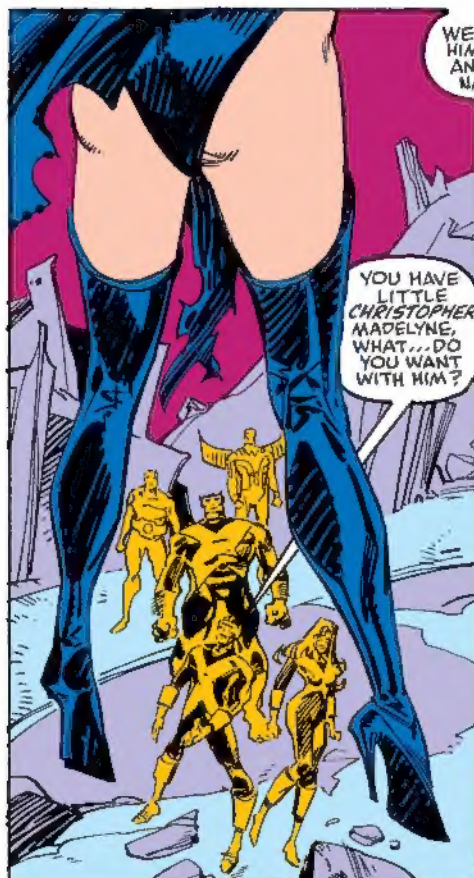
SHE'S NOT... NORMAL.

YOU, ICEMAN, ARE A MASTER OF UNDER-STATEMENT.

WE MAY HAVE TO FIGHT HER FOR HIM, CYKE.

NO. WE CAN'T HURT HER. THIS ISN'T HER FAULT.

DON'T YOU SEE? SHE'S BEEN TAKEN OVER BY DEMONS.

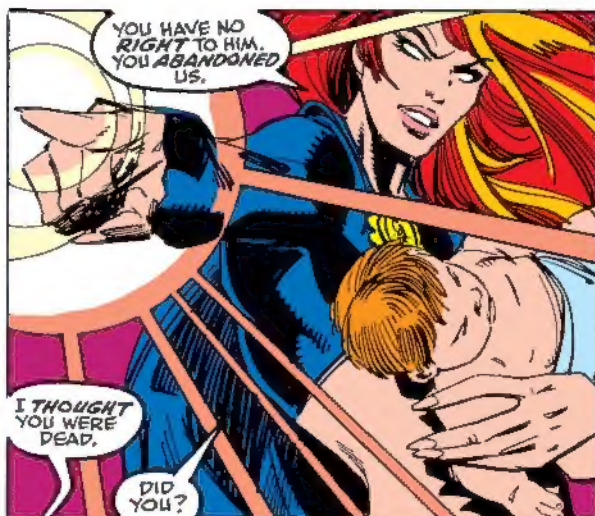


WE DON'T CALL HIM CHRISTOPHER, ANYMORE. HIS NAME IS **NATHAN**.

YOU HAVE LITTLE CHRISTOPHER, MADELYNE. WHAT... DO YOU WANT WITH HIM?



YOU ALWAYS HATED THAT NAME, DIDN'T YOU? THE LITTLE BULLY IN THE ORPHAN-AGE, AS I REMEMBER.



YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO HIM. YOU ABANDONED US.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.

DID YOU?



WHAT DO YOU THINK NOW?

SHRAKT!



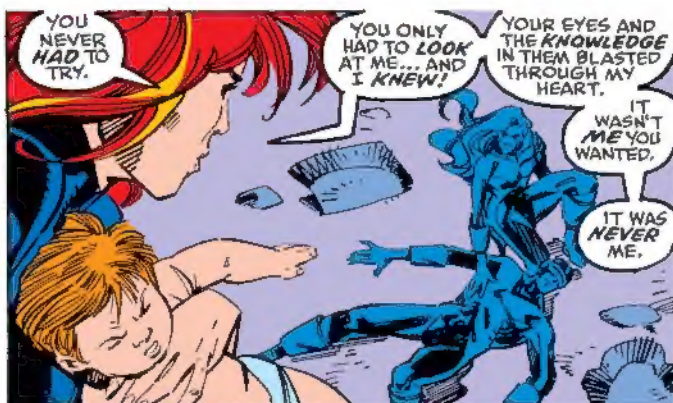
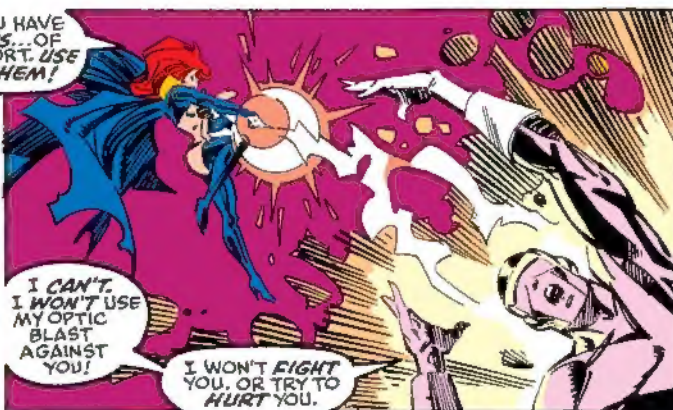
NO KISS FOR THE LONG LOST MOTHER OF YOUR SON?

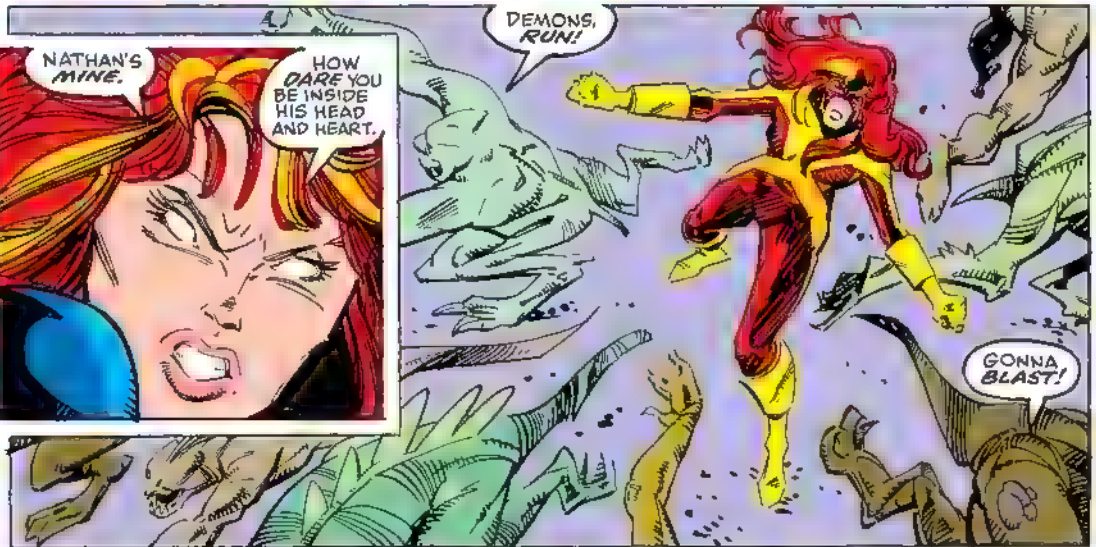
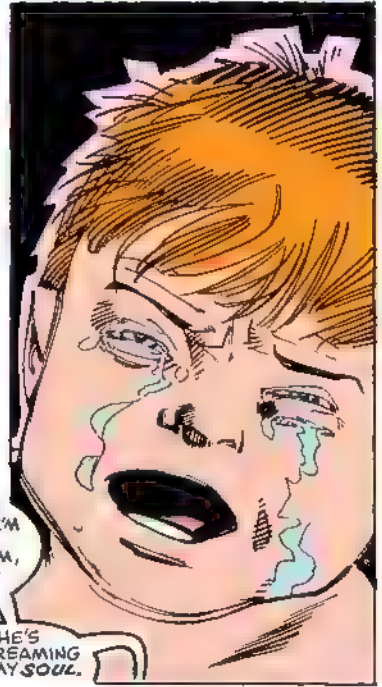
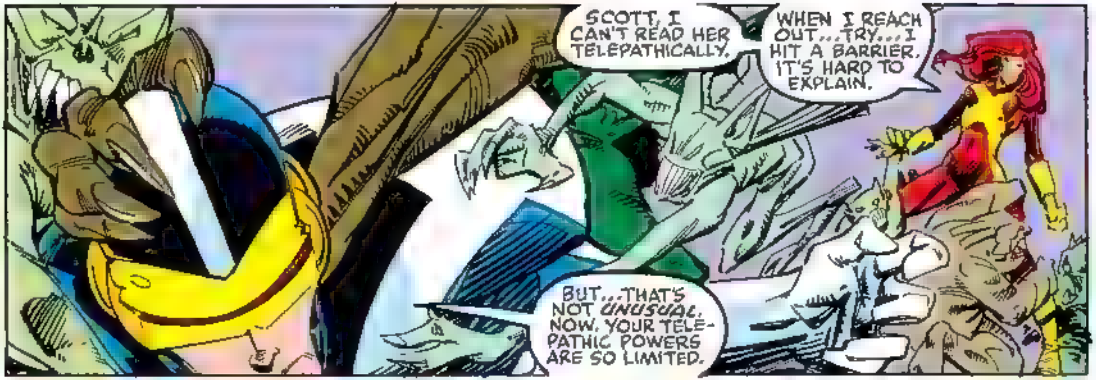
YOU DIED. IN DALLAS. I SAW IT... ON TV. THE WORLD SAW.

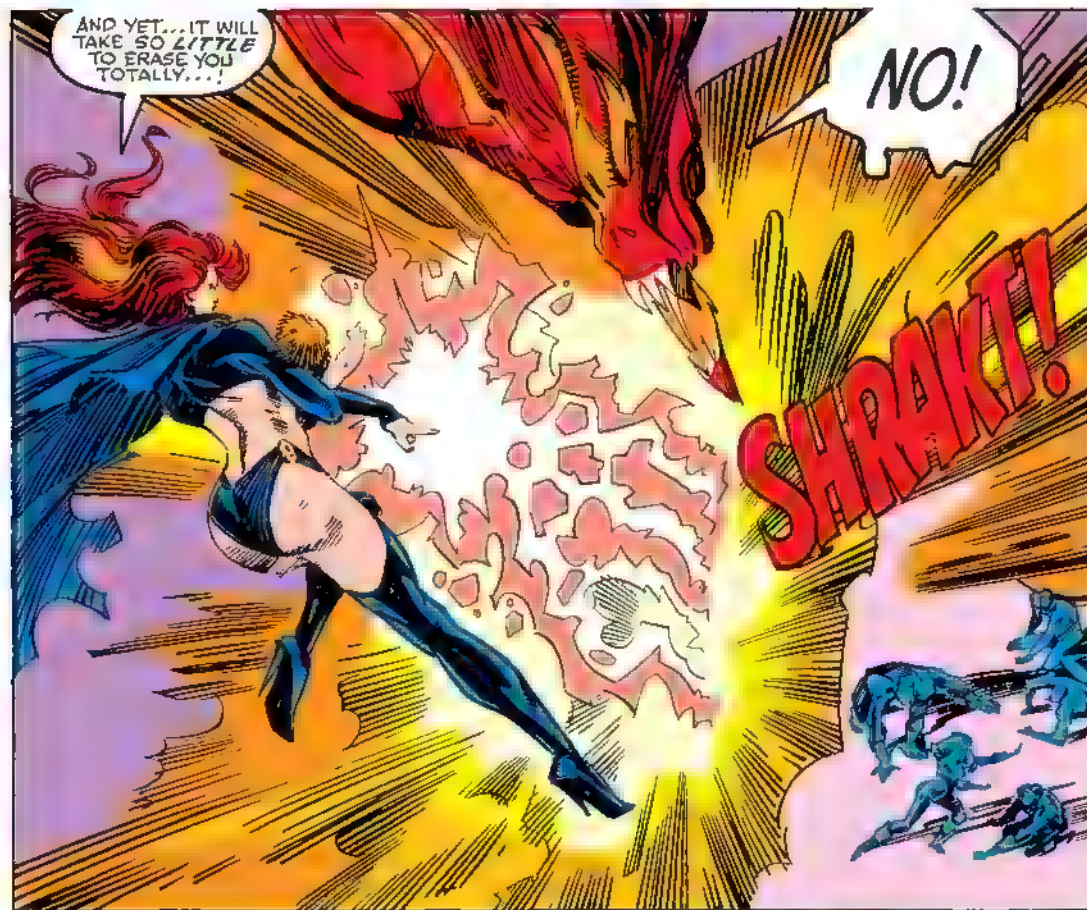
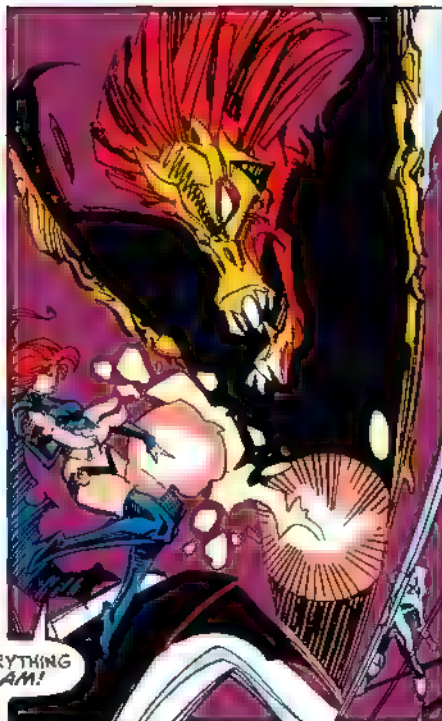
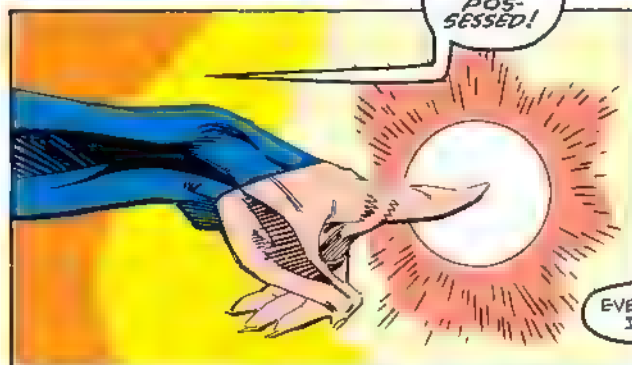
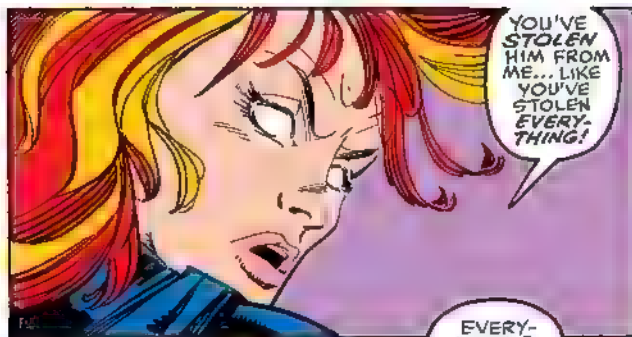
YOU'D LIKE THAT, WOULDN'T YOU? YOU **ROPED** I WAS DEAD.

GONE... SO YOU COULD ENJOY YOUR ONE TRUE LOVE IN PEACE.

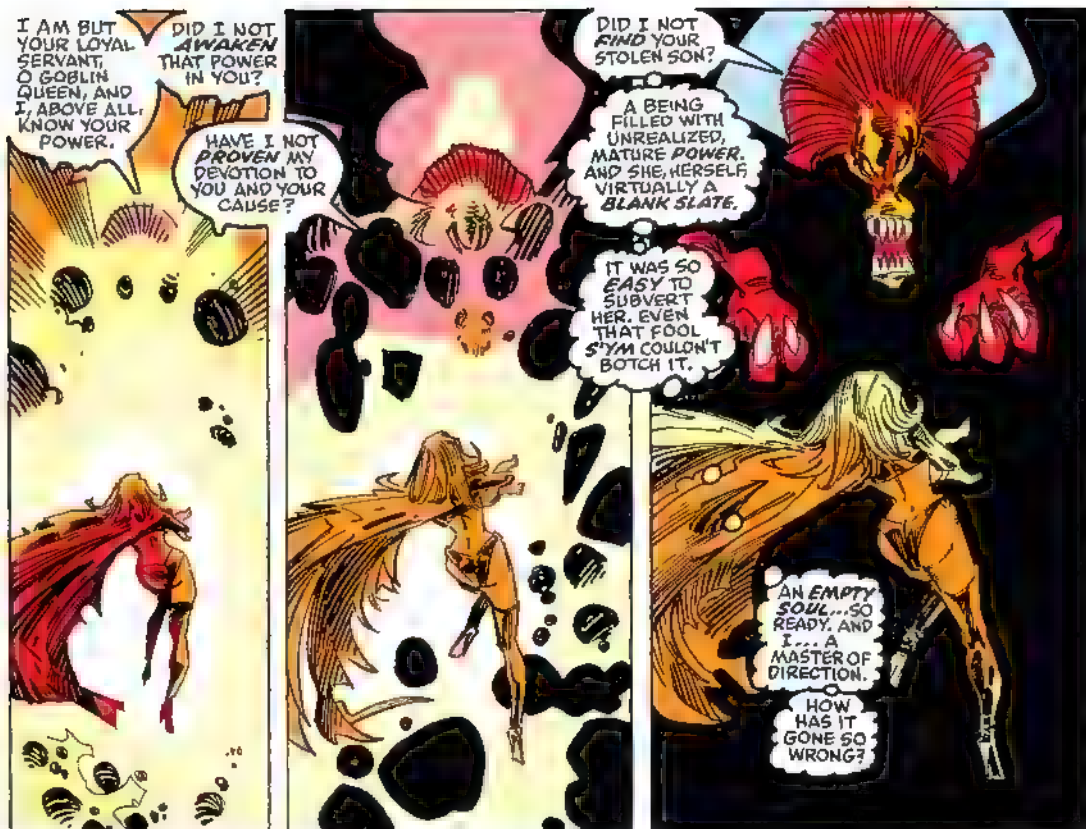
YOU'RE SUCH A PATHETIC FOOL. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE **TOSSED AWAY**.

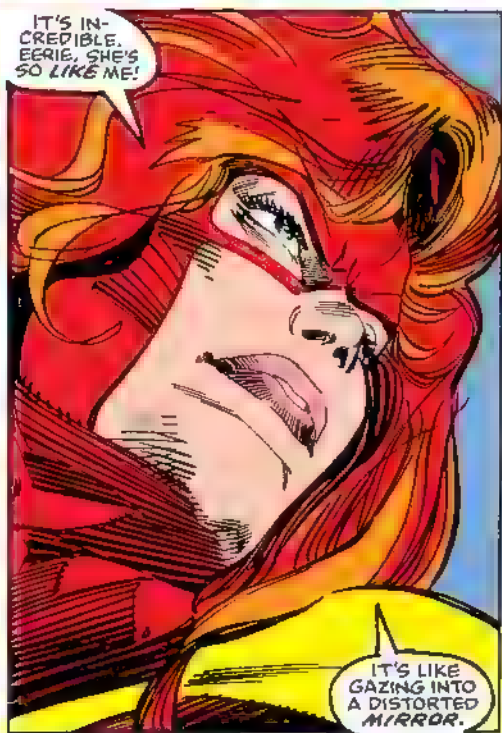
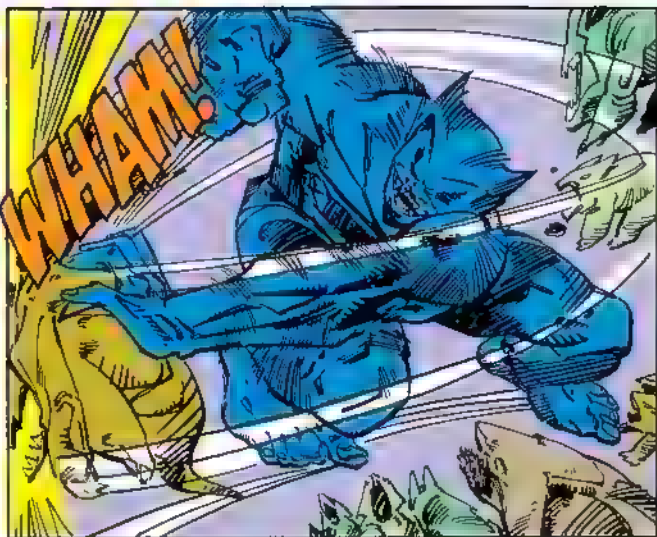














A MIRROR,
YES, AND
DISTORTED.



YOU HAVE
DISTORTED
ME, DEMON.

ETCHED THE
DARK CHARAC-
TERS ON MY
SOUL.

PULLED
ALL THE
STRINGS.

CREATED
THE TIES
THAT BIND
ME TO THE
DARKNESS.



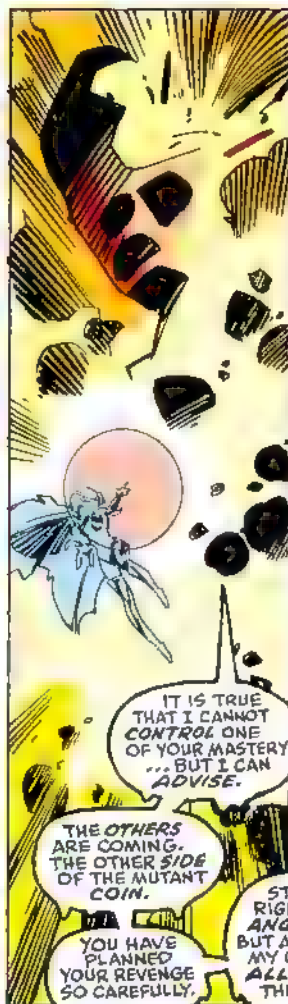
BUT I AM
NO LONGER
A DEMON
PUPPET.

YOU HAVE
CREATED MORE
THAN YOU
BARGAINED
FOR.

I DO NOT
CARE WHAT
SHE IS AS LONG
AS SHE DOES
WHAT I'VE SET
HER TO DO.

RAISE THE
EMPIRE STATE
BUILDING SO
HIGH THAT IT
CHALLENGES
HEAVEN ITSELF!

AND THROUGH
THE SACRIFICE OF
HER SON, RELEASE
THAT UNTAPPED
POWER WITHIN
HIM TO BLAST A
HOLE TO LIMBO...
AND BEYOND.



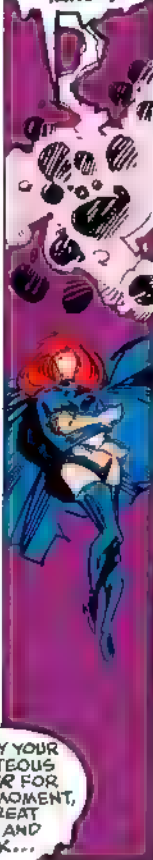
IT IS TRUE
THAT I CANNOT
CONTROL ONE
OF YOUR MASTERY
... BUT I CAN
ADVISE.

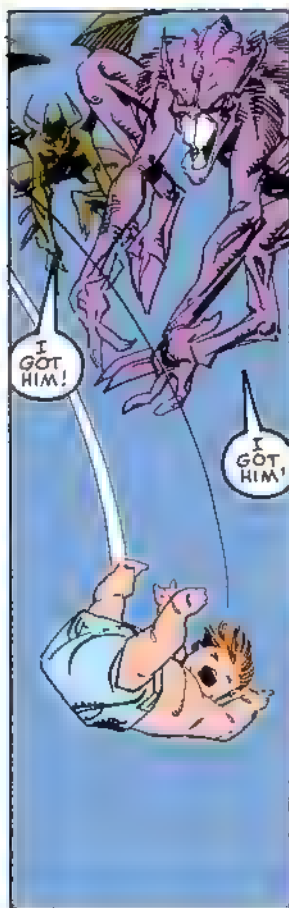
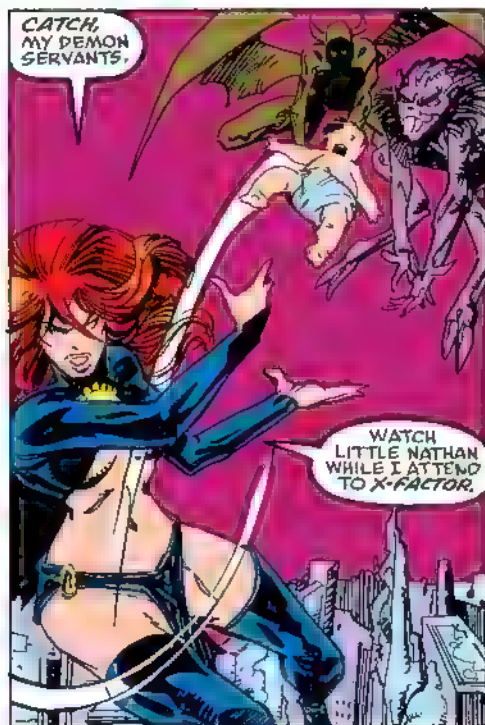
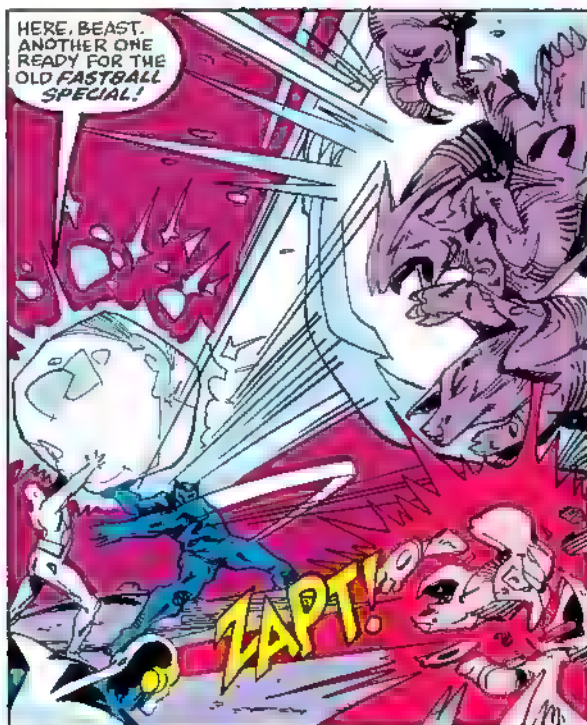
THE OTHERS
ARE COMING.
THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE MUTANT
COIN.

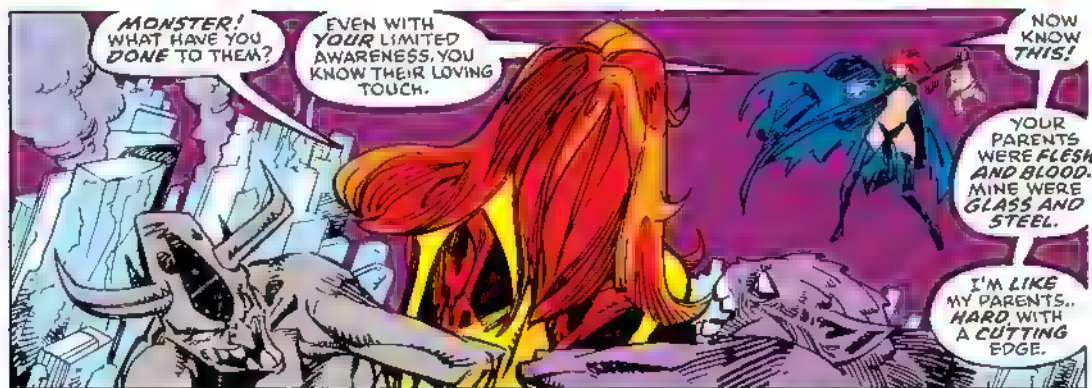
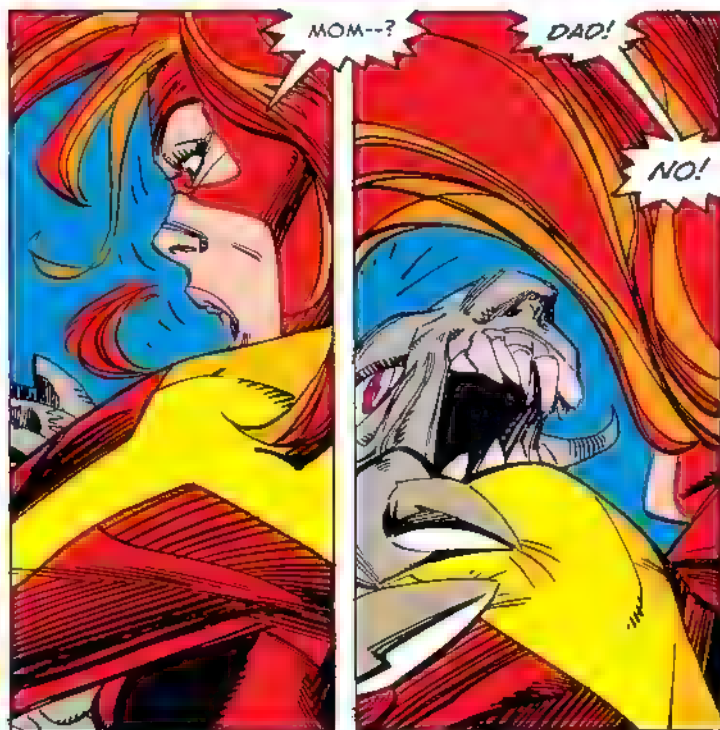
YOU HAVE
PLANNED
YOUR REVENGE
SO CAREFULLY.

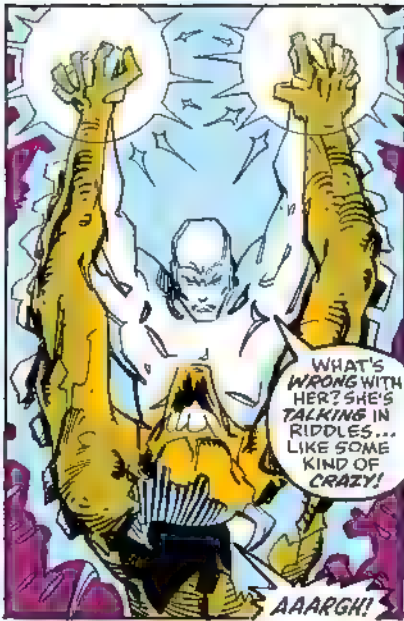
STAY YOUR
RIGHTEOUS
ANGER FOR
BUT A MOMENT,
MY GREAT
ALLY, AND
THINK...

...WILL YOU NOT
FORGO IMMEDI-
ATE GRATIFICA-
TION... TO HEIGHT-
EN THE PLEAS-
URE OF THAT
FINAL CONFRON-
TATION?









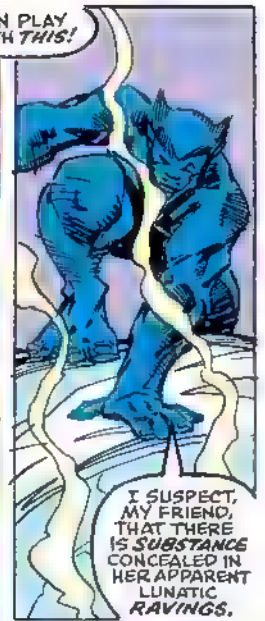
WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
HER? SHE'S
TALKING IN
RIDDLES...
LIKE SOME
KIND OF
CRAZY!

AAARGH!



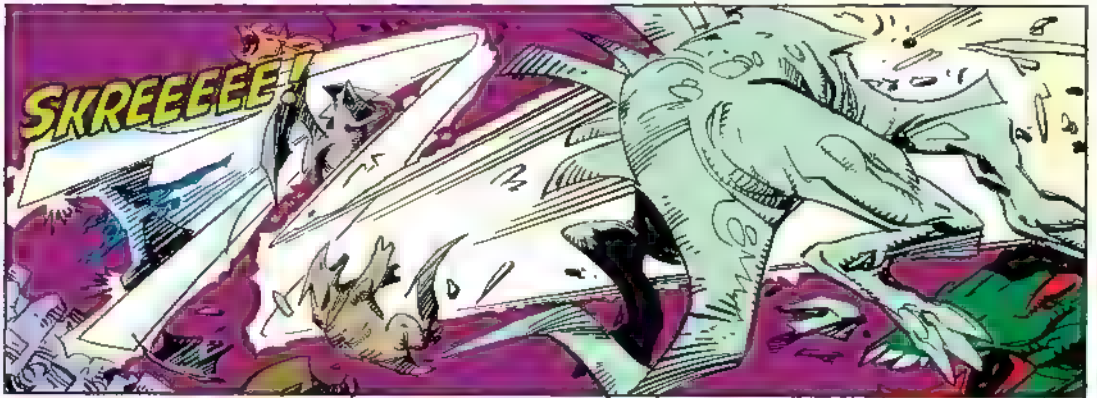
WANT
TO PLAY
HARD
BALL,
DEMONS?

WRAM!

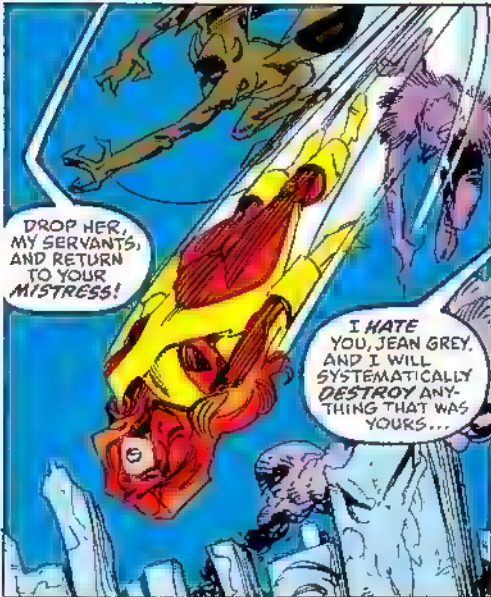


THEN PLAY
WITH THIS!

I SUSPECT,
MY FRIEND,
THAT THERE
IS SUBSTANCE
CONCEALED IN
HER APPARENT
LUNATIC
RAVINGS.



SKREEEEE!

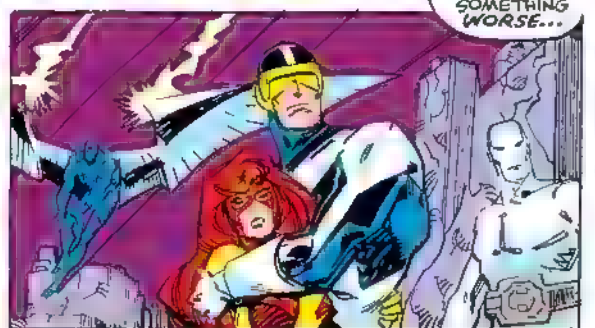


DROP HER,
MY SERVANTS,
AND RETURN
TO YOUR
MISTRESS!

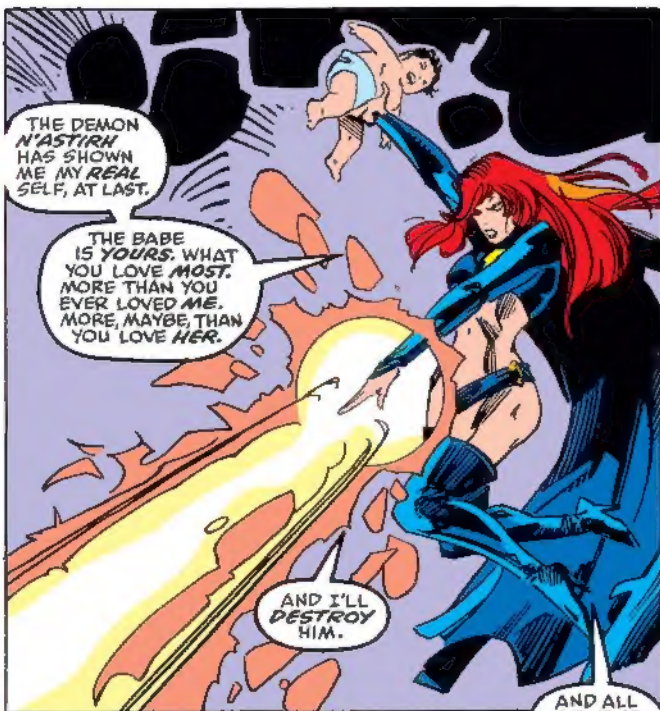
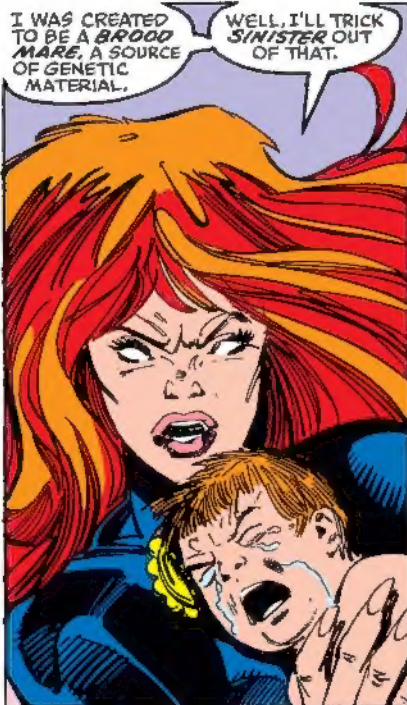
I HATE
YOU, JEAN GREY,
AND I WILL
SYSTEMATICALLY
DESTROY ANY-
THING THAT WAS
YOURS...



...AS YOU
HAVE DESTROYED
ALL THAT WAS
MINE!

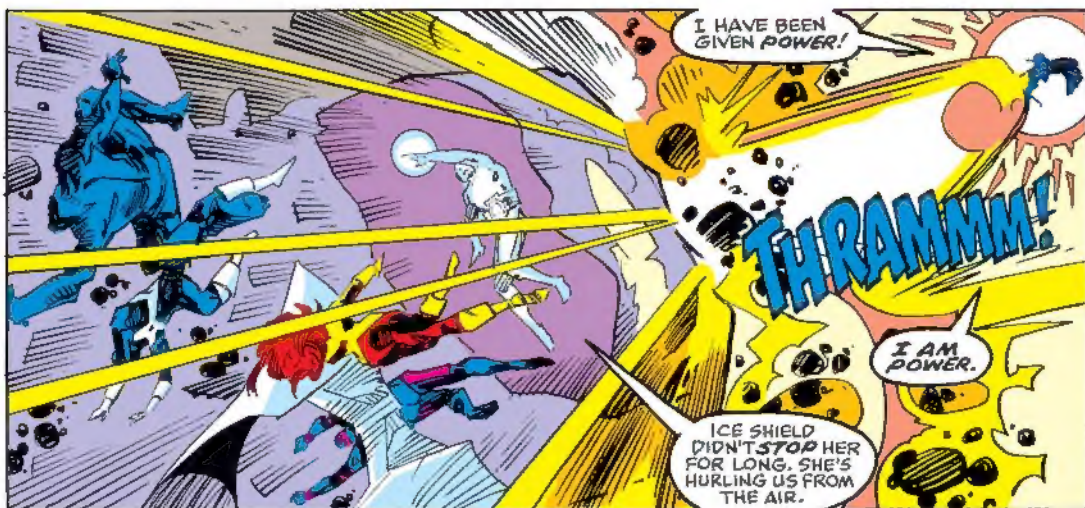
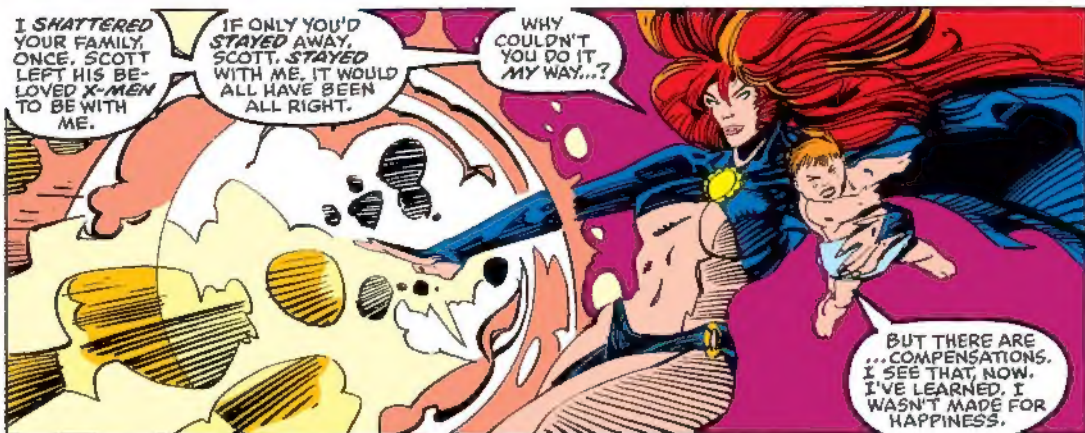



FOR YOU,
MY DARLING
HUSBAND, I
HAVE PLANNED
SOMETHING
WORSE...



AND ALL OF YOUR HOPES WITH HIM.







HER POWER'S
UNBELIEVABLE!

WE'RE
GOING TO
IMPACT--!

JEAN,
CUSHION
OUR FALL!

WHRAM!



NEXT...in **X-MEN** #242...

THE MEETING YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR!
'NUFF SAID!